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RECOLLECTIONS
OF THE
PRIVATE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF THE
Overthrow of the Tea,
AT GRIFFIN'S WHARF, IN BOSTON HARBOR,
DECEMBER 16, 1773,
IN HONOR OF SAMUEL HOWARD,

ONE OF THE ACTORS,

AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS., DECEMBER, 1873.

RELEASER



CAMBRIDGE:
PRESS OF JOHN WILSON AND SON.
1874.

[Gilman, Mrs. Caroline (Howard)]

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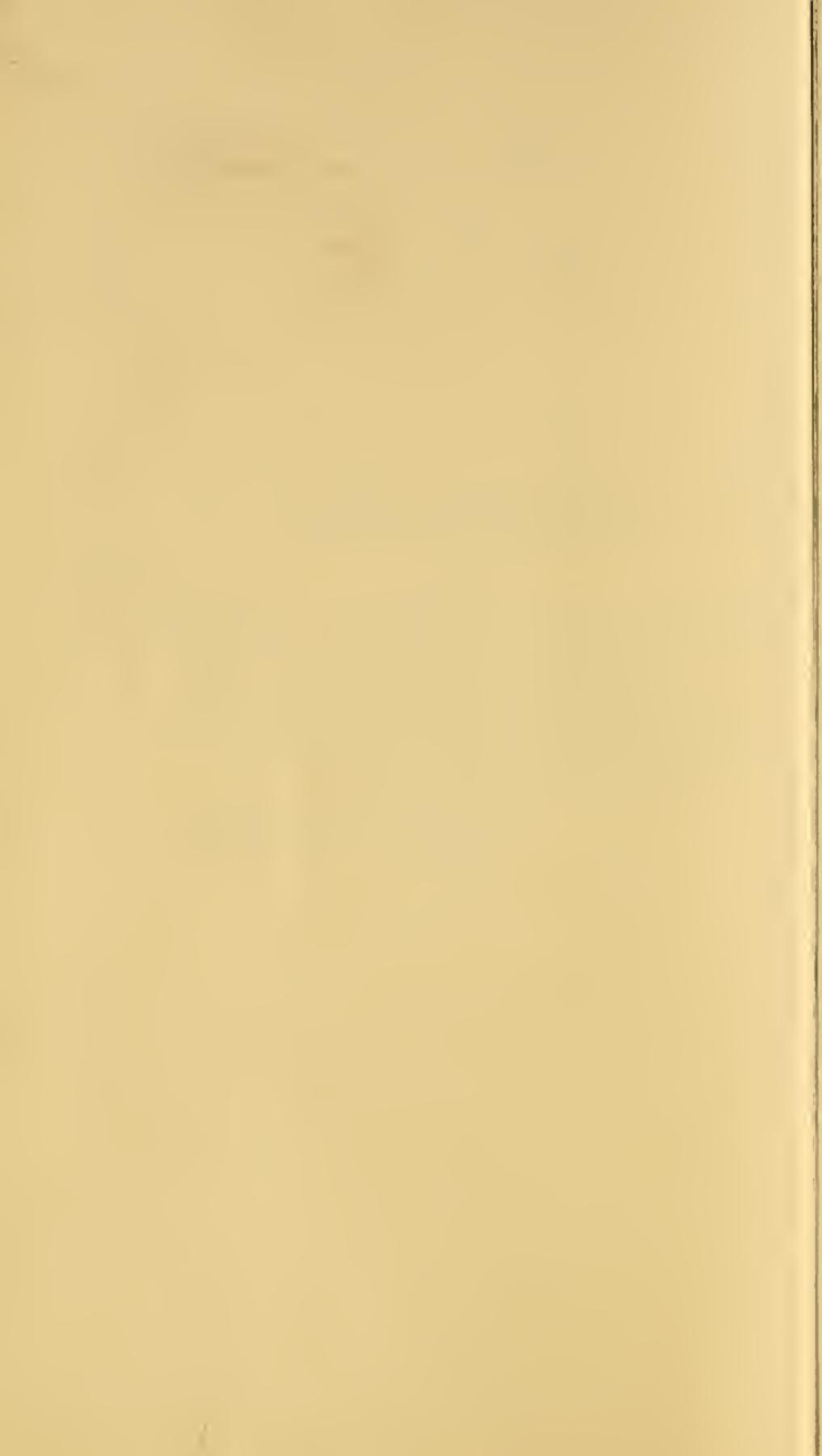
Robert Dale Owen,
with kindest regards
from
Mrs. Gilman

This Manual is Dedicated

TO THOSE

WHO DESIRE TO KEEP IN REMEMBRANCE A GATHERING,
REMARKABLE NOT ONLY AS BELONGING TO AN EVENT
OF GREAT HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE, BUT AS A MEMO-
RIAL OF AN EVENING ATTENDED WITH RARE AND
PECULIAR FAMILY ASSOCIATIONS, BY

CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN.



INTRODUCTION.

MY FATHER, SAMUEL HOWARD, of Boston, Mass., was unknown to fame, until his name appeared on the roll of history, with those who overthrew the tea in Boston Harbor, Dec. 16, 1773.

There has always been a tradition in our family of his participation in the act; and one of the accounts is, that some tea remaining in his boots was scattered on the hearth, that one of the family tried to gather it up, when another ran for a broom and swept it into the fire.

My father died when I was two years old, in the “Mansion House” as it was called, where the Mariners’ Church now stands, in the North Square, in Boston. Not long after his death, my mother removed to the country, to educate her younger children. At eight years of age I was placed with my sister, Anna Maria, afterwards Mrs. White, at an academy in the north parish of Andover. There my mother died, and was buried.

I am not aware that I ever heard, in childhood, the well-kept secret of the tea, and when reading the history of the Revolution I classed this only with other patriotic acts.

A residence of sixty years at the South, far removed from the branch of my family to whom the traditions were familiar, absorbed in duties of heart and hand in the beloved home of my adoption in Charleston, S.C., I was debarred, of course, from further information; nor could I realize my father's identity with this event, until I left Charleston, S.C., for Cambridge, Mass., a short time previous to the centennial celebrations, when the public pulse was beating on the subject. Then, for the first time, I read in Lossing's "History of the Revolution" the name of S. HOWARD on the roll of actors in this drama, and was informed that a lady in Worcester, Mass., had registered his with the others on a monument in her own private grounds.

I also learned from connections, now living at an advanced age, anecdotes too well authenticated to cause a doubt of his participation in the act.

Therefore, when I felt that *my own father* was one of those daring men, *my* pulse was stirred in my old age, and I was glad to do honor to one who had scarcely held me in his arms before he died.

It is said that those men were bound by oath not to reveal their identity, but their families were not;

and, after the danger of recognition was passed, it was but natural pride in them to reveal every incident connected with the proceedings.

I have accounted for my ignorance of my family relations by the early death of my parents and my removal to the South. I only know that I was born in the dwelling on the spot where the Mariners' Church now stands, and was christened by Dr. Lathrop, whose residence was in the North Square. The Lathrop family, the Mays, and Reveres are among my earliest recollections, as being the friends of my sister Harriet, afterwards Mrs. Fay, with whom an intimacy was kept up until her death.

I recollect seeing a large China punch-bowl when I was about nine years old. Surrounding the entire outside was an illustrated poem of "Auld Robin Gray." I could not read the dialect, but the pictures excited my admiration.

On the inside was the shipwrights' coat-of-arms, and an inscription in large letters, "Presented to SAMUEL HOWARD."

I do not remember the dates or names. Some years after, I learned that it was broken and no pieces preserved. How we should treasure them now!

Most of these North End land-holders were gentlemen, although, as I understand, working-men. History records that those who overthrew the tea

were familiar with the wharves and shipping. Howard, the shipwright, and Revere, his neighbor, an engraver and copper-founder, would naturally be in this class.

As this *private* document may be the only medium of referring to these family topics, I copy a portion of a letter from a valued relative on the subject:—

“I thought you might like some information in regard to your father’s real estate, which Grandmamma Howard has often related. I distinctly remember myself the Mansion House, which stood on the spot now occupied by the Mariners’ Church, at the corner of North Square and Sun Court Street. The second house was on the opposite corner of Sun Court and Moon Streets. These streets retain their names. There was also a very large brick house on Sun Court Street, adjoining the large house in front, which I have always supposed your father owned. Mr. Paul Revere, the eldest son of Colonel Paul Revere of Revolutionary memory, occupied it for many years. Before your father’s death, he bought a house on the opposite side of the North Square, and had it conveyed to your mother by deed. It was a very old-fashioned house, with the second story jutting over the lower. The window-panes were very small,—I should think not more than two inches wide and three in length: they were set in lead, and the frames were of iron, opening like doors. After your

father's death, your mother removed there and improved it. There was a large garden reaching nearly to Hanover Street. Your mother had almost a passion for flowers, and was quite noted for her taste in laying out her grounds.

"This house she left by will to Anna Maria and yourself, subject to an annuity of fifty dollars a year to her mother. She left her wardrobe and furniture to your sister Harriet. Her eldest children had every advantage of education that Boston could give at that period. The North Square at the time of which I write was a very select neighborhood." And some persons add, "fashionable."

I may add to this pleasant sketch that Dr. Franklin was intimate in my grandmother Howard's family, and one of them was named Benjamin Franklin. Dr. Franklin's favorite arm-chair in her parlor was called the "Franklin chair." It has descended in the family to Mrs. Estes Howe, of Cambridge, Mass., and is still called "Franklin's chair."

And now I will devote a few words to my mother's connections, the Lillie family. I learn from history that my great-uncle, Theophilus Lillie, a rich Boston merchant, was a Royalist, and was mobbed in 1770, and left Boston for Halifax with the Tories. My cousin Mrs. Woodward, of Palmyra, N.Y., the daughter of Major John Lillie, now in her eightieth year, writes thus:—

"I have been told in my youth that Theophilus Lillie was the first person who kept his carriage in Boston; that he walked the streets, according to the custom of merchants in his time, with gold lace on his coat, a wig and cocked hat, ruffles on his bosom and over his hands, and a gold-headed cane. He left for Halifax with Dr. Church and the Tories. He died in a few years, and left a legacy to the Rev. Dr. Belknap. I have a paper referring to it, and signed by his widow, Anna Lillie. He was burned in effigy with his scarlet coat, ruffles, &c."

"I have no regard for heraldry," she continues,

"or blood

That crept through scoundrels ever since the flood ;'

but, as a matter of curiosity, I should like to see the Lillie coat-of-arms. I distinctly remember my father's, which was brought over by his ancestors. *It was three lilies colored.* It was removed with my mother's effects to my grandmother's, when she went to West Point where my father was stationed, and hung in the room with her furniture. I saw it every day until we removed to Mr. Baker's, in 1803.¹ My mother often said we had no relations by

¹ It is a singular coincidence that having, according to Mrs. Woodward's wishes, caused a book of heraldry to be examined, the following were found: LILLIE (England). Three lilies countercharged. Crest, a red rose between the antlers of a stag. LILLIE (Scotland). Three lilies. Crest, a dexter hand issuing out of a cloud, grasping a club. (Scotland), a crescent between three lilies.

the name of Lillie. My father was an only son, and his father an only son. I have the impression that our grandfather Lillie was lost at sea."

Next, in opposite colors to Uncle Theophilus in his red coat, in effigy, we see Major John Lillie, my mother's brother, an officer in the Revolutionary war of 1776, aid to General Knox, and Military Commander at West Point, 1801, where he died, and where a monument has within a few years been raised by his grandsons, Daniel C. Lillie and John Lillie.

My mother was Anna Lillie, my grandmother was Abigail Breck, whom I know chiefly by two samplers, hers and mine. Hers is framed and preserved as a family relic by Mrs. George W. Richardson, of Worcester, Mass.: mine is treasured in Charleston, S.C., by my eldest daughter. They are interesting as specimens of the past. My grandmother's closes thus:—

"Unveil, Almighty God, thy face,
Thy features let me see.
At once I rush to thy embrace,
I spring at once to thee."

"Abigail Breck is my name,
And with my needle I wro't the same,
But if my skill it had been better,
I should have mended every letter.

A. B. finished her Sampler in the
thirteenth year of her age, 1744."

Then time makes a great stride. Young Miss Abigail Breck becomes grandmamma Lillie; and, after various vicissitudes, is seated in a parlor, near Sweet Auburn, now Mount Auburn, Cambridge, Mass., teaching a little girl, the present octogenarian writer, the marking stitch, and directing her small hand on the sampler thus: —

While varying shade the pleasing task beguiles,
My friends approve me, and my parent smiles.

Caroline Howard, aged 8 years.

Anno Domini 1803.

So farewell to samplers, vanishing family landmarks, the developers of juvenile thought, the pride of our old-time matrons! Their cycle has rounded, and passed on to give place to higher things.

My pleasant, perchance my last, work has drawn to its close; but, before laying aside my pen, I gladly express my thanks to our friend, Mrs. NATHANIEL SILSBEY, whose exquisite poems and graphic description of our family jubilee have lent its highest charm to this little tribute.

And now, in my old age, like a weary child who craves parental caresses, I turn to meet my unknown parents, and hear them, in her touching words, call me, "Dear daughter of my heart."

C. H. G.

LETTER TO A FRIEND.

BOSTON, 237 BEACON STREET,
January 24, 1874.

MY DEAR MARY.

You, with a heart and soul full of the real sentiment which helps so largely to make life lovely, will, I am sure, read with an interest due more to honored memories than to any words of mine this necessarily imperfect account of a Tea Party given by two of the grandchildren of Samuel Howard, one of the breakers of tea-chests in 1773.

What would these men, who did not let their left hands know what their strong right hands were doing, have thought of posterity, if a prophetic whisper had sounded in the ear a suggestion of this far-off fame? They returned to their homes, when the work was finished, folded up their blankets, washed their faces, and kept their secrets well. And now, just a hundred years after that brewing in the waters of Boston Harbor, the descendants of those strange hosts have assembled in happy homes, or thronged in public halls, to drink to them in Oolong, Bohea,

Souchong, every possible variety, including even English Breakfast Tea.

I looked on myself as a fortunate woman, that bright day of December, and was more than commonly thankful to be the grand-niece of Timothy Pickering and of Elbridge Gerry, as the first relationship was the cause of my being invited by Mrs. Lippitt and Mrs. Bowen to meet the Howard family, and join in the ovation to their ancestor.

It was a beautiful winter evening, and in company with my youngest son, William, I drove out to Cambridge, and to the house in Oxford Street, which was the residence of the ladies who presided over the festivities.

On entering the house, the low ceiling of which conformed to old-fashioned ideas, we saw garlands and flags in every direction, and over the doors, alternately, in evergreen numbers,—

1773 AND 1873.

An hour previous to the meeting Mrs. Augustus Hemenway had sent, with her card, an immense basket of hothouse flowers, mostly composed of roses in the rarest stage of opening bloom. It took six persons, with diligent but charming labor, to distribute and arrange this floral wonder, before the arrival of the guests.

The central point of attraction was the octogenaria-

rian daughter of Howard, the widow of Samuel Gilman, D.D., so long the beloved pastor of the Unitarian Church in Charleston, S.C.; indeed, Mrs. Caroline Howard Gilman must have enjoyed the fulness of content, surrounded by her daughters and their children, nieces and grand-nieces, nephews and grand-nephews, and, best of all, by sweet and tender recollections.

We were among the earliest guests; for I respect the quality of old-fashioned punctuality. Being in such good season, I could watch the comers, and try to guess, by the expression of their faces, their degree of interest in the expected entertainment, saying to myself, "This one must be a relation, or that one is an outsider, lucky to be brought inside, on so charming an occasion." I do not know the names of half the company. This family, however, began by being Howards, with the exception of those who entered by the open door of marriage. We had, beside these, "the benefit of the clergy," and a good representation of the Revere connections.

We were received by our hostesses in the back parlor, and passed a pleasant half hour in cordial greetings and social conversation. One lady, Mrs. Pomeroy, a great-grand-daughter of Samuel Howard, had left her residence in Rochester, N.Y., the previous day, slept in the cars, travelled all night, and now walked in, looking as fresh and bright as though she had just

stepped across the street. Particularly did I notice the meeting of a lady and gentleman who had not seen one another for over forty years. The suppressed astonishment of the gray-haired clergyman, as an elderly person, with O. W. Holmes's "wreath of white roses" around her brow, announced herself as the whilom slender girl, was very amusing, and the earnest talk into which they fell about the good old times was somewhat touching, as well as extremely interesting.

Presently I descried one of our summer neighbors of Milton,¹ who exclaimed on seeing me, "How came you here?" which I meekly explained, and then retorted by asking him to explain his appearance, to which he replied by taking me to the portrait of Major John Lillie, an officer in the Revolution, who was his and Mrs. Gilman's ancestor on the maternal side.

Samuel Howard's daughter, attired in simple black, with a close matronly cap, sat in the quiet dignity of old age, receiving greetings and proffering welcomes, and played her part all through the evening with courteous graciousness.

Several ladies and gentlemen wore dresses of various antiquity. One young lady appeared in her grandmother's brocade, and stood in the shoes of Martha Washington. Another had attached to her

¹ Edward Lillie Pierce, Esq.

bracelet a perfect Chinese miniature tea-chest. A family group was attired in the style of the early years of the century, and one of them, Mrs. Moulton, — a great-grand-daughter of Samuel Howard, — had upon her wrist a bracelet, the gift of the beautiful Empress Eugenie. One young lady bore on her head the stiffly bowed and wired structure worn by her mother about forty years ago, with her well-preserved frisette of puffed hair beneath. The tight sleeves and lace kerchief completed the costume, which, obsolete in fashion, was suited to the occasion, being quaint and effective. I remember once wearing just such a head-dress.

A few young men wore the continental coat, waist-coat, and breeches, with powdered wigs and buckled shoes.

One nephew sported a handsome court suit of black, with gold embroidery; a young Indian stalked around gravely in paint, blanket, and feather; and many dear little children, sweet and simple, added a charm to the scene, while two, as Marquis and Marquise de La Fayette, were sweet and simple still, despite their courtly dresses. The young daughters of the house were, in a measure, antiquated in costume, and aided the elders in their manifold pleasant tasks. Some were there, whose presence was cordially recognized, who came from their seclusion with tearful memories to lend a kindly sympathy to a scene so

rare and unique, and while their garb indicated sorrow were willing to witness smiles.

And now let us begin at the beginning of the evening's entertainment, and you must try to feel as much at home as they made me feel.

Soon after eight o'clock we went into the front parlor, where Mrs. Gilman was led to her seat, with a circle of friends and descendants,—sage sixty, "sweet sixteen," and little children.

Among them was a group presenting a somewhat peculiar interest in this scattering world,—five married daughters of Anna Maria Howard (Mrs. White), a deceased sister of Mrs. Gilman. Seated at one period of the evening together, an observer was struck with their ripe individuality, each with their children near them, exhibiting a fair specimen of New England matrons.

The arrangements for the exercises to follow were admirable. The piano-forte was placed in a recess, with the keys towards a bow-window, where Caroline Munro Lippitt, General Lippitt's daughter, presided. A heavy curtain drapery, looped in the centre with a flag and evergreen garlands, fell to the floor on each side. A semi-circle of seats, from the piano, nearly reached the opposite side of the room, where, at the central point, as a Lancashire poet says, was

"The mother's cheer with a cushion on 't,
The nicest cheer i' the nook."

In the centre of the semi-circle, space was left to accommodate all the young children, who made a lovely group on the floor, with a boy—J. Robbins Howe, a great-grandson of Samuel Howard—sitting in full costume, as an Indian, on a tea-chest, and serving as a pretty contrast to Howard Monlton and his little sister, great-great-grandchildren to the Rebel, habited as the Marqnis and Marqnise de La Fayette. The other guests, making in all about eighty persons, were standing or sitting outside the semi-circle, also forming involuntary picturesqe tableaux.

The audience, lulled into the hush of expectation, were first attracted to listen to young Pickering Dodge, a great-grandson of Samnel Howard, and a great-grand-nephew of Timothy Pickering, who read a cordial burlesque

GREETING,

Written by his mother. His clear and pleasant emphasis was rewarded by sympathetic smiles.

Then followed, in a tone conforming to the gravity of the subject, the reading by Mr. U. Tracy Howe of "Paul Revere's Ride," by Longfellow.

After a short pause, Miss Nina Glover, great-grand-daughter of Samuel Howard, took her position, standing in front of the piano, where was placed an ivy plant in luxurious growth, relieving her somewhat antiquated although becoming costume and

powdered hair, and read, with excellent appreciation and semi-dramatic effect, her grandmother's

BALLAD.

At the close of the reading, two young men of the family distributed a copy to every one present, the little children, as usual, claiming their share. When the company were supplied, and stillness restored, Miss Lillian Bowen, also a great-grand-daughter of Samuel Howard, in a Dolly Varden dress, suiting well her sunny smile, sang each alternate verse of the ballad alone, refining our homely national air by her sweet and cultivated voice.

The chorus after each stanza, being sung by the whole company, was inspiriting. A demand for a repetition of the last verse being made, the following stanza was sung, all standing, in allusion to Howard and Revere:—

"And when stern *Duty* sounds her call,
With strength like theirs, may we, sir,
However *costly* be the act,
Throw overboard *our Tea*, sir."

Then three Harvard cheers were given the author, who rose to receive a congratulatory shake of the hand from many gentlemen.

Next came an answering

GREETING FROM GRANDFATHER HOWARD.

From the Spirit Land, which was so exquisitely given by General Lippitt, that I am constrained to think

there was some confusion of ideas between the beauty of the reading and the actual merit of the piece.¹

What was to come next? Just the prettiest thing imaginable. The little French couple attired as the Marquis and Marquise de La Fayette, known in their work-a-day world attire as son and daughter of Mrs. Charles Moulton, were lifted up, having a pretty look of alarm, on the piano, in lieu of a rostrum, where they entered into a spirited burlesque dialogue in French, about an invitation to America received from the ~~Madames~~ Lippitt and Bowen (irrespective of anachronisms). He wanted to come, she did not, but the Marquis carried his point by the prettiest coaxings, and his faithful partner agreed to accompany him. I suppose she thought that the great country, so far from *la belle France*, might at least be more durable than the dungeon in which she had lived those years of devotion.

They were lifted down from the piano carefully, amid great applause, when the little girl, springing to her mother's arms, made another unstudied picture. Then, regardless of their noble selves and their rich costume, they reseated themselves on the floor near their old grand-aunt, and waited the appearance of an aged man, representing Theophilus Lillie, an ancestor of Mrs. Gilman on the maternal side, a

¹ By Mrs. M. C. D. Silsbee.

Loyalist, who was mobbed in 1770 for importing tea. He was clothed in the dress of the 18th century, with comfortable stockings rolled over his poor old knees; and he sang, with an accuracy and energy surprising for his years,—

“When George the Third was King.”

Miss Lippitt played the accompaniment, and somehow we could not rid ourselves of a strong impression of father and daughter; but it was an evening of sweet bewilderments, and I suppose this was one of them.

The charming Mrs. Moulton, great-grand-daughter of Samuel Howard, contributed an ample share to our pleasure. She sang Longfellow’s “Beware,” and “Marjorie’s Almanac,” with its pretty words by Aldrich, in response to and followed by rounds of applause. One does not expect to hear such singing more than once in a hundred years.

Mr. Samuel Longfellow then modestly came forward, and told us how he drove out from Boston in the horse-cars with an old gentleman who seemed to be in the agonies of composition; how he chanced to leave the cars at the same time with him, and how he picked up a crumpled piece of paper, which he smoothed out and copied, and would read if he could venture on a proceeding which might seem somewhat

“shaky.” So we had the poem, and a delightful poem it was, and I hope the two gentlemen will often travel together.

And now Mrs. Bowen, giving a vigorous thump on the lid of the piano, which was heard above the confusion of tongues, announced by her herald, Mr. Story Greenough, a great-grandson of Samuel Howard, that the company were requested to go into the dining-room, make the circuit of the table, and then return to their places, when the gentlemen would wait upon the ladies with refreshments.

Miss Maria D. Fay, one of the Howard granddaughters, played a march, and, obeying orders with strict military precision, we kept step to the music with light heart and as light foot.

The supper-room was profusely garlanded with evergreens and bunting, and 1773 and 1873 placed in conspicuous positions. The table proved a historic study. It was divided in the centre by a pet vessel of the family, called “The Undine” by children in Southern waters, but now representing

THE “DARTMOUTH,” AT GRIFFIN’S WHARF.

It was rigged for the occasion by Wilmot de S. Porcher, a lad from Charleston, S.C., and great-grandson of Samuel Howard.

British colors were flying from the mast-head.

The deck was covered by miniature tea-chests, and the forbidden luxury, real tea, scattered among them. A crowd of blanketed and feathered little rag Indians, which employed the ingenuity of the younger members of the household, were in the act of pitching over the tea. Conspicuous among them was Samuel Howard, of course the tallest, with the biggest feather. Little Indians were climbing the rigging on the lookout, and some were leaning over the ship's sides.

At the close of the evening these minikin rebels were begged and carried away as trophies. Suspended from the gas-light, on the rebel side of the table, was a large card with

1773. NO TEA.

This half was devoted to Revolutionary condiments suited to rough Yankee palates: a prodigious column of brown bread; a huge pumpkin pie, a foot and a half long and one foot wide; an immense dish of baked beans; a piled-up platter of apple pandowdy; a tremendous cheese borrowed from a grocer, who was complimented by the honor; short cakes and johnny-cakes in abundance; and a pyramid of somewhat solid doughnuts, speedily devoured by even this fastidious company, not one being left to tell the story.

Over the 1873 half of the table was suspended an artistically illustrated device in India ink, a steaming tea-cup, and in large letters, —

WELCOME TO OUR TEA PARTY.

This drawing, and a spirituā sketch, in allusion to Mrs. Gilman's playful thought in her ballad, —

*“Our coat-of-arms should be a Box,
And Howard spilling tea,” —*

were made by Mr. Amory Austin, a great-grandson of Elbridge Gerry, and presented to her by him at the close of the singing.

The “Dartmouth,” instead of Griffin’s Wharf, was surrounded by teapots of every attainable description, — silver, china, pewter, pottery, and dolls’ ware. To make the circle more perfect, Mrs. John Phillips, of Dorchester, Mass., a grand-niece of Samuel Howard, brought, as a gift, one of the old family china, which was much admired.

On the 1873 table were tea and refreshments suited to more dainty tastes than those of a century ago. I cannot say, however, that they were more popular.

After expending our admiration over this little array of edibles, we returned by degrees to the parlor, to be waited on by the gentlemen and ladies of the house, as promised.

After this followed an ingenious charade, the word being *treason*, planned by Mr. Archie Howe and Mr. Murray Howe, connections of the Revere family.

Then a spirited Virginia reel commenced, showing off to advantage the various costumes ; and at eleven o'clock the guests departed, perhaps few of them destined to meet again this side the "golden gates" of heaven, but all feeling happier and better for this genial evening passed in commemoration of Samuel Howard, and in pleasant tribute to his daughter, Caroline Howard Gilman.

Had I been "one of them," instead of one among them, I could have told you more ; but, although I took no notes, I remember much that occurred, each scene passing like a distinct panorama. And now I close my story, which you will read to your children, they may read to theirs, and so on, until 1973 is reached, when another Tea Party must be sketched by some loving hand, to be read by loving eyes.

Affectionally your friend,

M. C. D. SILSSEE.

[The following burlesque *jeu d'esprit*, not written for posterity, but to prevent a too sentimental formality in a circle many of whom, although relatives, were strangers, was read by Pickering Dodge, a great-grandson of Samuel Howard, and a great-grand-nephew of Timothy Pickering.]

1773.

GREETING.

BY ELIZA W. LIPPITT.

1873.

FRIENDS, countrymen, women folk,
 Relations, cousins, kin,—
 And all who bear the noble blood,
 And noble Howard skin,¹—
 You're welcome here, to celebrate
 The spilling of the tea,
 Which caused that patriotic fuss
 In 1773.

Our ancestor who spilled his share
 In Massachusetts Bay,
 For him we meet, all here we greet
 In family array.

1 “her skin
 White as the foam from which in happy hour
 Sprang the Thessalian Venus.”

TAYLOR, *Philip Van Artevelde*.

“O'er her fair face a rosy bloom is shed,
 And stains her ivory skin with lovely red.”

TASSO, *Jerusalem Delivered*.

“Here lay Duncan,
 His silver skin lac'd with his golden blood.”

Macbeth.

He's here to-night as sure as fate,
If any truth there be
In spirit tips and spirit *w-raps*,
All bundled up in tea.
He greets you each with earnest heart,
And full of grit is he
As when, full robed as Indian Chief,
He tumbled out the tea.

George Washington and Ben Franklin
Their fame had ne'er been told,
If Sam Howard had not pitched in
And been so very bold.
He never would have told a lie
Connected with a hatchet,
Nor flied his kite on Sabbath day,
With no one near to watch it.
He no defaulter would have been,
Nor run away with V's,
Nor money panics caused, nor sold
Adulterated teas.

Fond greetings to the youngest kin !
They'll learn how grandsire Howard
Was full of patriotic pluck,
And never proved a coward.
And greetings, too, we'll give to her
Whose octogenarian head
Graces to-night our happy throng ;

Through her we here are led,
To her we look with reverent pride ;
For only she is here
Who saw that generation past
Of Howard and Revere.

So *welcome* to our cousins all,
The old, the young, the little,
The middle-aged, the stranger, friend,
To our *Yankee Tea Kettle*.
May never clan be more agreed,
Our march be ever forward ;
We'll spill our tea, and blood, if need,
We children of Sam Howard !

1773.

BALLAD

For a private centennial celebration in remembrance of SAMUEL HOWARD, one of the Boston Rebel Tea Party in 1773.

Composed by his octogenarian daughter
CAROLINE HOWARD GILMAN.

1873.

TUNE, — “Yankee Doodle.”

SOLO.

KING GEORGE he sat upon his throne,
Upon his throne sat he,
And little wist how rebels made,
On “*t'other side*,”¹ their tea.

CHORUS.

The Rebel’s tea, the Patriot’s tea,
Far on the wintry sea, sir ;
The King wist not how *strong* it was,
That Trans-Atlantic tea, sir.

SOLO.

We’ve had enough of Kings, they said,
More tax we will not dree,²
We crushed the Stamp Act from its birth,
We, “ Sons of Libertie.”³

¹ *The other side*, an expression used by Englishmen for crossing the Atlantic.

² Dree, old English for endure.

³ Name of the Party.

CHORUS.

The Rebel tea, the Nation's tea,
 From high to low degree, sir,
 Without a broad-sword or a gun,
 They swore to spill the tea, sir.

SOLO.

The *Old* South gave a war-whoop yell
 When *Quincy* urged his plea,¹
 'Twas answered by the outside throng,
 And startled hill and lea.

CHORUS.

And thus was sealed a Nation's *thought*,
 Heard 'neath the sacred Tree,² sir ;
 Endorsed along the Atlantic Coast,
 No "tribute"³ from the free, sir.

SOLO.

Woman had risen in her might,
 For certain "rights" had she,
Three hundred women, with one will,
 Vowed not to taste the tea.

CHORUS.

And merry girls, tradition says,
 Issued the *stern decree*, sir,

¹ As young Quincy closed his harangue in the Old South, a war-whoop was raised and answered from the crowd outside.

² An elm called "Liberty Tree," corner of the present Washington and Essex Streets, near Boylston Market, as early as 1765.

³ Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, "Millions for defence, not a cent for *tribute*," in 1796.

No Boston man should have a kiss
 Unless — he spilled the tea, sir.

SOLO.

Fort Hill awoke the stifled cry,
 “No duty on the tea,” . . .
 And *Griffin’s Wharf*¹ looked grimly on,
 In seventeen seventy-three.

CHORUS.

What British seamen thought of this,
 I was not there to see, sir ;
 Perchance they gave a shrug, and said,
 “ ‘Tis but a Yankee spree, sir.”

SOLO.

North End turned out her sons for right,
 Some boys, but men to be,
 When future years should tell the tale
 Of how they spilled the tea.

CHORUS.

The Rebel’s tea, their Country’s tea,
Three hundred chests of tea,² sir ;
 A century now tells the tale
 Of those who spilled the tea, sir.

SOLO.

No kettle sang upon their hearth,
 That night, in household glee :

¹ Where the “Dartmouth” was moored, with two other vessels.

² Three hundred and forty.

The *harbor* was the kettle then,
Salt water made the tea.

CHORUS.

At morn Great Britain's world-wide flag
 At mast-head floated free, sir,
 Beneath it gathered sixty men
That night, who spilled the tea, sir.

SOLO.

Not theirs to don their velvet gear
 And silken hosierie:
Old blankets wrapt the supple limbs
 Of those who spilled the tea.

CHORUS.

And where their Indian feathers waved
 In their wild rivalrie, sir,
 Friend knew not friend, whose blackened face
 Bent o'er his chest of tea, sir.

SOLO.

They stood upon the Dartmouth's deck,
 All heroes,—none to flee,
 For “each was Captain for himself,”¹
 Of those who spilled the tea.

CHORUS.

The Rebel's tea, old Ocean's tea,
 No blood-stain marked the sea, sir,

¹ One of the company was asked, “Who commands?” “Each man is Captain for himself,” was the reply.

When harmless fell each empty box,
By those who spilled the tea, sir.

SOLO.

'Twas done; and then with drum and fife,
A merrie companie,
They marched in pride through Boston streets,
"The Boys" who spilled the tea.

CHORUS.

The Rebel's tea, the scattered tea,
A motley band to see, sir,
Were those who sought their quiet homes
The night they spilled the tea, sir.

SOLO.

Some boast aristocratic birth,
And ancient Heraldrie:
We go a little higher still
To those who spilled the tea.

CHORUS.

The Rebel's tea, the Patriot's tea,
Yes, higher boast have we, sir:
Our coat-of-arms should be a *Box*,
And *Howard* spilling tea, sir.

SOLO.

Then let us pledge in Temperance cups,
Choice Hyson or Bohea,
To Samuel Howard, Paul Revere,
And *all* who spilled the tea.

CHORUS.

And when stern *Duty* sounds her call,
With strength like theirs, may we, sir,
However *costly* be the act,
Throw overboard *our Tea*, sir.¹

¹ The last verse was repeated, all standing.

[The following burlesque Dialogue (which defies anachronisms) was written by Mrs. Annie M. Bowen, grand-daughter of Samuel Howard, and translated into French by General Lippitt, for Howard and Nina Moulton, great-great-grandchildren of Samuel Howard, to be recited at the Centennial Celebration. The children were costumed as the Marquis and Marquise de la Fayette, and stood upon the piano-forte in place of a rostrum.]

DIALOGUE

Between the Marquis and the Marchioness de la Fayette, in January, 1774.

Madame. Oh, Marquis! as-tu entendu la nouvelle qui arrive de ce nouveau pays qu'on nomme l'Amérique? C'est méchant! C'est une honte! (trépignant du pied.)

Monsieur. Tiens, mon amie, je te conseille de te taire. Que sais-tu des pays étrangers, ou de la politique? Sois une sage petite fille, et occupe-toi de ton ménage et de tes coutures.

Mme. Eh bien! voilà justement de quoi je voulais te parler, et tu te mets dans une colère! . . . (Faisant la moue.)

Mons. Moi en colère! Jamais! C'est toi qui l'es.

Mme. Comment? moi! qui commençais de t'expliquer l'affaire *si* doucement, et tu ne voulais pas . . .

Mons. Moi! je ne voulais pas! (*trépignant.*) Que voulez-vous dire, Madame la Marquise de la Fayette? Allons, madame, expliquez-vous, s'il vous plaît.

Mme. Je ne veux pas.

Mons. Ah! je t'en prie (*calinant*).

Mme. Eh bien! voilà ce que c'est. Certains vilains gens, un nommé SAMUEL HOWARD [*French accent*] (pouah! le monstre!) et un autre qui s'appelait PAUL REVERE [*French accent*], (ah! le tigre!) sont descendus aux soixante navires, habillés tous en *Injuns* [*French accent*], et ont jeté pardessus bord neuf millions de boîtes de thé, et *toute* la porcelaine! de sorte que tout le monde en Chine va mourir de faim! Et Madame Robespierre et moi, qui n'aurons plus une seule tasse de thé, pour boire en nous entretenant de la belle nouvelle guillotine! Et toi, qui dis que je suis folle!

Mons. Mon amie, sache que ces mêmes SAMUEL HOWARD [*accent*] et PAUL REVERE [*accent*] sont des anges! des patriotes, splendides, magnifiques! Plût au ciel que je connûsse leurs enfans, leurs petits enfans, leurs arrière-petits enfans! Hourra! [*In English, with French accent*] I'll take my cap and go over immediately to Madame Lippitt's and Madame Bowen's, and hear de news!

Mme. [*In English, with the same accent*] Oh, take me wiz you! Introduce me to de Howard tribe. I must see Mr. Washington, who did not cut down de

tree, and Pocahontas too! Oh, will you? Will you?

Mons. Yes! Come, my dear, across de sea!
To de Howards go will we;
And, for de sake of seventy-tree,
We'll not refuse a cup of tea!

[*Ereunt.*]

[Translation.]

BURLESQUE DIALOGUE

Between Howard Moulton and Nina Moulton, dressed as the Marquis and Marchioness de la Fayette.

Madame. Ah! Marquis, have you heard the news about that new country called America? It is too bad! it is a shame! (stamping her foot.)

Monsieur. Wait, my dear, I beg you to be quiet. What do you know about strange countries or polities? Be a good little girl, and busy yourself with housekeeping and sewing.

Mme. Ah! this is just what I want to talk about, and you get so vexed! (making a face.)

Mons. I vexed? never! It is you who are.

Mme. Who? *I!* who began to tell you about the affair so gently, and you wouldn't—

Mons. *I* wouldn't? (stamping.) What do you say, Mrs. Fayette? Come, ma'am, explain yourself, if you please.

Mme. I won't.

Mons. Ah, I beg you! (urging.)

Mme. Well, this is it. Some *horrid* people, one named Samuel Howard,—oh, the monster!—and

the other Paul Revere,—oh, the tiger!—went down to 60 ships, dressed like Injuns, and threw into the sea 9,000,000 boxes of tea and all the crockery! so that everybody in China is going to die of hunger! Mrs. Robespierre and myself won't have a single cup of tea to drink when we are talking about the nice new guillotine! And you go and say that I am put out! (*weeping.*)

Mons. My dear, you must know that these same men—Howard and Revere—are angels, patriots, splendid, magnificent! I only hope I shall know their children, their grand-children, and their great-grand-children. I think I'll take my cap and go right off to Mrs. Lippitt's and Mrs. Bowen's, and hear the news.

Mme. Oh, take me with you! Introduce me to the Howard tribe. I must see Mr. Washington, who didn't cut down the tree, and Pocahontas too. Oh, will you! Will you?

Mons. Yes! Come, my dear, across the sea!
To the Howards go will we;
And, for the sake of seventy-three,
We'll not refuse a cup of tea.

[*Exeunt.*]

GRANDFATHER HOWARD'S GREETING.

COMPOSED BY MRS. MARIANNE C. D. SILSBEY.

1773 UNTO 1873.

FROM happy spirit-land I come, attracted by the mirth,
The “sound of revelry by night” on dear old Mother
Earth ;
And to this sacred little town,¹ amid its elms em-
bowered,
I bring a soul-full greeting, for my name is Samuel
Howard.

But who are these at whom I look,— who cannot
look on me ?
I scarce can count the happy crowd that gathered
here I see.
Are they all mine ? Not all ; but yet kind nature
sure intends
That in counting of the family we muster in the
friends.

So, friends and children, one and all, you're welcome
to the day,—
To memories fast welling up of times so far away,—
And, if our young America will listen now to me,
I will tell the ancient story of the spilling of the tea.

¹ Cambridge, Mass.

A century, tradition claims, the daring deed was done,
To which you owe your freedom suits which then and
there were won;
The nation's wrongs were manifest, and needed a
redressing,
So good habits (somewhat threadbare now) we left
you with our blessing.

Excuse the pun,— it is not mine,— a Yankee spirit
made it,
And couldn't stop, but hurried by, and never told
who said it.

N. B. The pay in t'other world for hurrying in this
Is ne'er to know that precious rest decreed to souls
in bliss.

Well! to go back unto the day when dark the storm-
clouds lowered,
A most determined man was he, known as your
grandsire Howard,—
My soul, possessed in meekness now, will not allow
of boasts,
But men were men in olden times, and served the
Lord of Hosts.

No earthly monarch earned from us the homage of
the knee,
But they who scorned the tyrant suited freemen “to
a T.”

We steeped it in a "maskin pot" of Massachusetts waters,
The only tea-party in vogue with Hail Columbia's daughters.

But, hark! methinks I hear a sound amid the accent merry,—
Is it the voice, the honored voice, of Patriot Elbridge Gerry?¹
Those echoes of an honest heart, are they from Colonel Pickering,²
True prescience of wise action to still a nation's bickering?

We pledged our honor and our lives, our fortunes (those who had 'em);
But in those days, like Eve, wives span, the husbands delved like Adam.
Blessings on all who nobly lived, on all who bravely died,
Those heroes of the darkling days the souls of men which tried!

Strange memories now are sweeping by,— I seize them as they pass,—
And gaze as one may gaze in awe within a magic glass.

¹ Amory Austin and Ed. D. Townsend, great-grandsons of Gerry, were present.

² Ancestor of Mrs. Silsbee and Pickering Dodge, also present.

My inmost soul is stirred, and seems as fanned by
angel wings,—

I lose myself in happy dreams of transitory things.

Dear child,¹ the daughter of my heart, I stretch
forth shadowy hand

In blessing o'er that cherished head,—but who may
understand

The *was* and *is*? I look around, and, all amazed, I
see

Mysterious interchange of age hover 'twixt you
and me.

I see an aged matron stand,—all full of years and
honor,—

Her children scattered o'er the land with reverence
look upon her,—

And children's children all around in sweet persua-
sion vie

To keep her, prisoner of Hope, long from her native
sky.

Sweet Poesie has shed her grace on one who passed
away ²

Before the sunshine of her life had reached the mid-
dle day;

Her morning glory faded here to bloom more bright
above,

And the Good Shepherd lured her on to heavenly
heights of love.

¹ Mrs. Gilman.

² Maria Lowell.

Long may the guardians of the gate the massive
portals bolt on
The lady on whom praise doth wait, the lovely Mrs.
Moulton :
The world has need of such a voice,—she has a
mission higher
E'en than awaits her when she goes to swell the
angel choir.

Dear children there,—dear children here,—it seems
but little space
Between you and your angels who behold Him face
to face.
Oh! keep your hearts as pure as when they first by
God were given,—
So shall you find a Heaven on earth, the best of earth
in Heaven !

Perchance you spy in grandfather some lack of rever-
ence,
And deem that he too lightly speaks, but this is my
defence :
Our faces are no longer now than when in fleshly
guise,—
We have our smiling now as then,—there half the
pleasure lies.

And thus, with mingled feelings, I in fun and fondness
come,—

To nestle in the happy hearts within this happy
home.

God bless you all,— He blessed you most in seven-
teen seventy-three,

When we filled your brimming wassail bowls in
spilling of the tea.

DECEMBER 16, 1873.

TRIBUTE BY REV. SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

1773—1873.

“Boston harbor is black with unexpected tea.” — CARLYLE.

Lo, Boston harbor black with tea!
Our fathers cried,—No more Bohea!
The tea *we* want is Liber-ty!

Their children’s guests, this evening, we
Are cheered with hospitali-ty.

The honored matron’s cup we see
Filled with sweet grace and digni-ty.

While boys and maidens, shy or free,
Pour out full bowls of jolli-ty.

And children’s overflowing glee
Is tempered with docili-ty.

So youth and age to-night agree,
Refusing no hilari-ty.

And so, whate’er our lot shall be,
Whate’er our changeful destiny,
May we ne’er want the best of tea:—

Fideli-ty, sinceri-ty,
Humili-ty, humani-ty,

And ami-ty and equi-ty,
And, best of all, sweet chari-ty !

But taste no drop of vani-ty,
Dupli-ty, or enmi-ty !

While, patient in adversi-ty,
And humble in prosperi-ty,

Our fragile cup of life may be
Fragrant with simple pie-ty ;

Until from earthly springs we flee
To drink thy founts, Eterni-ty !

[The following note and stanzas, written by the same hand and with the same delicate and graceful appreciation as marked the descriptive letter and "Grandfather Howard's Greeting," will serve as the last solemn, sweet, and lingering strain of our Howard Centennial Festival.]

What "might have been," should have been, but was not.

WHY did not somebody write a few lines to the tune of "Fair Harvard," to be sung by sweet Lillian to her grandmother on the anniversary evening? Shall these verses be accepted as atonement for the omission, and be permitted to close the record of the genial tea-party of the descendants of Samuel Howard? The "cup of kindness" filled for Auld Lang Syne has served as a cordial to rouse the youthful energies, to cheer the drooping spirits, and to support the failing footsteps; and so may God keep the whole company, and may the men, women, and children of 1973 be as blessed and as grateful for their blessings as the happy guests of this century.

THE SONG OF THE OLD FOLKS.

WE come with the memories of long-vanished years
All clustered around us to-night;
Their joys and their sorrows, their smiles and their
tears,

By a century's sunset made bright.
And those years are as dear as when onward they
rolled

Through the beautiful morning of youth;
And their time-hallowed record will never grow old,
As read by the clear light of truth.

Our hair may be silvered, our eyes may be dim,
And our brows furrowed deeply with care;
But the heart that is "singing perpetual hymn"
Must ever be youthful and fair.

We are living again all the glorious time,
We are hearing the tales which were told,
When we found the steep hillside so easy to climb,
And it was but a dream to be old.

The dream is now over, the wakening has come,
Our morn on swift pinions flew past;
The noon-tide has faded, we walk toward home
In the westering sunshine at last.
And, with Faith for the guide, we now seek to explore
That home which His promise has given:
No sun and no moon,— we shall need them no more
In the perfect effulgence of Heaven.

And, in hush of the evening, we listen to hear
A voice, still re-echoed on earth,
Which sang of "Fair Harvard's" centennial year,¹
The seat of our Learning's young birth;
And the voice of another dear servant of God,
Whose smile tinged earth's burdens with light,
Who, early upborne from the circle here trod,
Will make even Heaven more bright.²

These voices repeat, from the far world above,—
"We watch through Eternity's day,
To welcome you home to the fulness of love,
And the joy that endureth alway."

¹ Samuel Gilman, D.D.

² Rev. Charles J. Bowen.





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